

Mrs Saly, Brandon.

ACROSS AMERICA:

With the Compliments of
FROM *C. D. Richards.*
MANITOBA TO VANCOUVER.

25/2/87.

By C. D. Richards -
late OF BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.

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ACROSS AMERICA: FROM MANITOBA TO VICTORIA.

Some dozen years back, a young townsman of our acquaintance, Mr C. D. R., left Brighton to seek his fortune in the "new world," and having enjoyed the advantage of a professional training as a civil engineer in the office of Mr Lockwood, the Borough Surveyor, ~~very soon obtained a Government appointment on the Grand Trunk Railway, then in course of formation,~~ and which, being now complete, connects Canada with British Columbia. Our friend is an energetic, clever fellow, has been prosperous, and lately took a holiday-trip from his home at Manitoba, in the very heart of the Dominion, to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. During his journey he kept a diary, and from this we have been kindly allowed to make extracts, some of which are so interesting that without further apology we shall lay them before our readers.

Our friend, "after putting a few things in a hand-bag and making the usual preparations, met the West-bound train" at Brandon, August 31st. This train consisted of dining cars, sleeping cars, and other cars "likewise," in fact, might be compared to a large ship upon wheels, a rolling hotel, so many different compartments did it contain. The first day nothing particular occurred, so about 11 p.m. Mr C. D. R. "thought of bed and retired to rest." On Sept. 1st he "awoke fairly early, at 7.30, rose, and performed the ablutions necessary to comfort, waited for the ladies, and breakfasted in the dining car." His breakfast comprised "good coffee, fish, fruit, &c., in fact, anything you wished for." And all this time the train was rolling onwards at the usual railway speed, through, says our friend, "an alkali country. The lakes look as though they were frozen, except a portion in the centre which is open water,—the ice-like appearance is the heavy incrustation of alkali. As we proceed, rolling hilly country is on either side of the railway, but what looks like sage-grass and alkali seem to predominate. Enter dining car for bottled beer. Saw several piles of dry buffalo heads, bones, &c., which are collected by Indians and half-breeds, and shipped to New York by some enterprising individual for bone dust. C.P.R. time 13.40, reach Dunmore Junction, North Western Coal and Navigation Company,—to Lethbridge, 109 miles,—saw Mr Eliot Galt and the first view of the narrow-gauge railway. Stopped about 20 minutes at Medicine Hat; saw the Police Barracks, stores, hotels, &c. 'Dress-

* *Printer's error,*

Canadian Pacific Railway.

making' was a prominent sign. We here cross the South Saskatchewan river, and I could but reflect and think with what a very different purpose it was crossed by others and myself about 15 months ago, when heading for the 'Rebellion.' Peace hath its victories as well as war. For many miles west of the 'Hat' the country is, to the casual observer, very barren,—the soil is clay, and the herbage light and just now very dry. Langevin! We waited here about ten minutes and saw the gas-well, which by some strange coincidence caught on fire and caused no little excitement. We tried to put it out, but could not, and went on some 12 miles and told the section men, who went back on a hand car. The well is about 1,500 feet deep; was bored for water, which was found at 500 feet,—on going deeper gas was struck. The gas is made to do service in a station-house, both for lighting and cooking purposes. We proceed over the same kind of barren plain,—it is, perhaps, a good grazing country, but does not impress the uninitiated as being such. Passed a grave, with its rude wooden cross, probably some poor fellow who helped to work on the great iron highway, and who no doubt was laid to rest 'unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.' Still travelling, but not much change: approaching the valley of the Bow River. After being intensely hot and close at Medicine Hat, as we neared the Bow River it became beautifully cool. Time 20.20, arrived at Gliichen; too dark to see anything.

"Sept. 2nd. Woke up to find myself at the summit of the Rockies, and as we proceeded and passed through the Kicking Horse Pass, it is more than my feeble pen can describe. Peaks, cones, gorges, precipices, gulches, and canyons, all go to form the marvellous productions of the mighty hand of Nature, and one is lost in admiration and delight; mountain streams, huge pines, giants of the forest, make up a panorama of beauty and a vista of delight. Passing through Cory's mud tunnel, which is heavily timbered to prevent the sand and loose earth from falling, we are following the Kicking Horse River, the waters of which look milky and white, owing, I imagine, to the silt and deposit from the mountains. Passing Golden City, a mining town formed of rough log huts, a steamboat plies on the river here. A strange individual came into the sleeping car, a tough looking fellow; I found out that he was disguised, and was a detective looking for his man. Stopped at Donald for a few minutes, a canvas city with the usual

* Our friend was formerly a member of the Brighton Volunteer Artillery, so, when the late rebellion broke out in Canada, he was enrolled in the Dominion Army as an officer of Artillery, and saw some active service, for which he has received a medal.

surroundings, but apparently a good deal of building is going on. We are now following the Columbia River, which is a good wide stream of light coloured water; it has many rapids and small cascades. Then we pass through the Selkirks, following the Beaver River, which flows into the Columbia River; the water is clearer and the river is rapid, high and very bold rock, almost perpendicular, is on either side, covered with timber. Saw the 'Gateway' and the remains of the old bridge, over which the Railway engineers used to pack all their provisions, &c. The Beaver here seems to be a succession of waterfalls and rapids. Crossing the six-mile creek, a tributary of the Beaver, a charming peep greets one: the creek is very rapid and laughing. A powerful Mogul engine is now pulling us up the heavy grade, and thousands upon thousands of stately pines tower up towards the clouds, while a carpet of various ferns is at our feet; the most delicious odour is emitted from the resinous pine; here are, indeed, Nature's gifts for man's advantage. We cross Mountain Creek bridge, a trestle structure about 1,600 feet long, and having a tremendous elevation above the creek. Frequent trestle bridges are now crossed, one Cedar Creek bridge, during the construction of which two men fell and were crushed to a jelly! Gangs of section men are passed, and while wondering and admiring the surroundings, these poor fellows should not be forgotten; their sturdy arms and iron frames comprise the army of workmen who constructed this permanent iron road. One of the prettiest sights are the frequent creeks dashing down the mountain side, looking like silver ribands embedded in quilted cushions of emerald velvet! The name of one of these is Raspberry Creek, and doubtless the others had names, but I could not ascertain them. The mountains are so precipitous that the creeks come dashing down at a tremendous pace; they do not look more than a foot wide on account of the giddy height. We are now hundreds of feet above Beaver Creek, and are literally looking down on the tops of stately fir and spruce which would be giants on the plains, but which look small on account of the tier after tier of timber growing up the mountain side. Crossing Stony Creek bridge, another trestle structure, the highest wooden bridge in the world (two men lost their lives during construction), and looking up the mountain-side at this point the most magnificent panorama presents itself, and I leave it to be imagined,—I will not venture to describe so grand a scene. Fires have passed through the timber, which is much burnt and charred. Mammoth cedars are visible, spruce, hemlock, and Douglas fir. Animal life is apparently scarce, but bears are numerous, I am told. Birds are not seen or heard. We pass Bear Creek station, a new and neat-looking little

building. For a long time we have been running through Major Rogers' Pass, with the Rockies on either side, some 9,800 feet high. Passing Rogers' Pass city, I saw the Marotto Brothers, of Winnipeg, who have come to see their Italian brethren (who are working here) and to cheer them with a little music,—harp, violin, &c. The snow sheds are being constructed, and are of immense strength and length. Mount Hermit on our right, Mount Carrol on our left. It is almost impossible to believe that one is passing through mountains, it looks for all the world as though it were huge banks of cloud towering up, and the softness of the outline keeps up the deception; some are snow-capped. At Glacier Hotel (which is a railway car on a siding) where we stopped for dinner, I met Mr Earle, C.E.; he was looking well and was busy with his work. The scenery continues to get grander, and it is a problem to decide which portion is more imposing than the other. Saw the Albert Canyon, which is an immense gorge. The timber appears now to get larger and has come in most useful for the trestle bridges; soil changing to a white clay. We again cross the Columbia River, which is very wide here. Traversing the Golden Range and Eagle Pass, the different camps of the men look so picturesque peeping through the heavy timber, as small huts and tents are numerous. An army of men are still employed building snow sheds, improving the slopes of embankments, clearing the track of fallen rock, and looking after wooden bridges. One reads about the Canadian and Pacific Railway, and sometimes even exclaims 'the train is behindhand again;' but see where it has to pass, and the thousand and one difficulties that seem inevitable, and, reflecting, one will certainly make all allowance for delay. It is a stupendous undertaking and well may Canada feel proud of its great Continental highway.

"Sept. 3rd. Rose at 4 a.m. to look at the lovely scenery of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers. The railway follows the river, and it is hedged in by the mountains which vie with one another in height and beauty. Numerous Chinese settlements, from the single tent to the small village, are dotted along the route; washing and fishing seem to occupy the time of the Mongolian. We now arrive at Yale, having had a glorious run in the early morning, fresh with odour from Nature's nursery garden. Onderdonk's celebrated railway contract has been traversed and the numerous tunnels passed; these tunnels are borings through the solid rock, the train is often but a few feet from fearful chasms, and yet on it glides scorning danger. Yale is a small place noted in former days as the head of navigation; it might facetiously as well as literally be termed 'moss grown,' and its former glory has departed. My

friend the Colonel, who stood on the platform to welcome constituents of a bygone age, found only one 'moss back,' and he had all but forgotten the veteran soldier. Here it was raining, and it must do this frequently judging from the lovely freshness of the orchards and gardens. A few remarks about the old waggon road will not be out of place. Built by the Government during the régime of the late Sir James Douglas, then Governor of British Columbia, it runs for miles and miles along the side of the mountains, sometimes 700 feet above the level of the river. In places it is blasted out of the solid rock; it is still used for taking supplies to the northern mines. Shortly after leaving Hope, a small village, the train had to be stopped owing to a huge boulder having rolled down the side of the mountain, and, on straining one's neck and looking up and observing the mass of perpendicular rock apparently overhanging the track, the wonder is how the railway is kept free from such boulders. We passed a freight train, the second tea train of the season. Breakfast in the dining car; eating, sleeping, and proceeding, makes travelling a pleasant pastime rather than a distasteful necessity. After many more miles of continuous beautiful scenery, we arrive at Port Moody at 12.30; lovely sunshine. Leaving the train we did not walk more than twenty yards before we were on board the 'Yosemite,' a very large steamer, and, judging from appearances, replete with every comfort. The Yosemite steamed away at one o'clock punctually through Burrard Inlet. We saw the portion of land that has at present the injunction upon it, where the Canadian and Pacific Railway work is stopped; at Port Moody we saw the Flora, the ship that had brought the second consignment of tea. We are close now to Vancouver, which city recently passed into ashes; now it is nothing but very new buildings, still unpainted, and charred stumps of trees; one or two of the old buildings remain, and are of picturesque design. It is such a treat to once more see the blue sea, and inhale the health-giving breezes charged with ozone. Saw three whales floundering about, blowing the water high into the air. The trip from Port Moody to Victoria is a pleasant one, the scenery is not as bold as we have recently seen, but is still very fine. After 75 miles of salt water, we arrived in Victoria at 8.30 p.m., about seven and a half hours' run."

Mr C. D. R., being a very pleasant man, seems to have made many friends in the new country, and his diary records how he met with old acquaintances everywhere, Engineers, Professors, Doctors, Judges, Colonels and their ladies, and "what not?" At Victoria he says: "I was made an introduced member of the Union Club, and met several of its members. At three p.m. I called at Mr Dunsmuir's house (the Colonel's

father-in-law); the house is large and comfortable, and the grounds are beautifully kept; here I saw roses in full bloom, and every kind of flower, Japanese lilies, lilacs, sweet peas, and a lawn like velvet, holly trees, cedars, cedar hedges, looking exactly like an English garden; two humming birds were flitting about. The mountain ash is exceedingly pretty and plentiful. Called at Government House with the Colonel. Trees and shrubs abound; the band of the Royal Marines, from H.M. ship 'Triumph,' was playing in the grounds of the public buildings (for the benefit of the public). This is done every Saturday afternoon. I met Reifenstein, Government surveyor, whom I had not seen for years; the first time we met was in Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, in 1873. Victoria is most pleasantly situated on the lovely island of Vancouver; it has some handsome buildings, very many are of stone and brick, the majority are of wood, but are of neat design, and many are half hidden from view by the luxuriant growth of hops, vines, and clematis. I am informed that no one will take a house that has not a garden attached. The streets are good, but are inclined to be dusty during dry weather; the stores and shops are as good as one might desire, being supplied with merchandise of all kinds imported from England and from the United States; The great charm is that at the ends of business streets a peep of the blue waters of the Pacific is seen, and a view of the mountains and trees. The city is lit with electric light. The public buildings stand in well kept grounds. The Post Office is in Government-street, which is the busy thoroughfare. Banks must not be forgotten, as one in particular is an imposing building. A private Club, called the Union, is an ornament to the city, being a hard red brick building of very neat design, and is replete with every comfort. Once within its walls and the visitor or guest is treated as a member; personally, I cannot speak too highly of kindness shown me, as, besides general attention, presents of choice fruit and flowers came from individual members. A public Park has been reserved on rising ground called Beacon Hill. This overlooks the blue sea and the range of mountains; a more pleasant spot could hardly be conceived; there are open spaces between heavy growth of timber where cricket, and other games are played. A pamphlet or book could be written about Victoria alone, but, as I before remarked, these are jottings only. About 3,000 Chinese occupy a portion of the city, known as 'China Town,' and, although 'for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the Heathen Chinese is peculiar,' they are a quiet, useful, and industrious adjunct, and the community could hardly live in comfort without their services; they work as cooks, waiters, chamber-

maids, railway navvies, &c., and the washee-washee houses are legion. The water supply of Victoria is admitted to be a bad one, and, like the people of the Prairie Province, the residents do not drink much water. A system of drainage would be welcomed by many, although nothing objectionable is forced upon one, the salt air being a wonderful corrective. There is every convenience regarding public carriages. The view all round is a perfect panorama, the Olympian range of snow-capped mountains is one of the features. I hardly see what more one could desire than can be enjoyed here, viz., bathing, fishing, boating, shooting, cricket (a match was being played), lawn tennis, and added to this every one seems to have a lovely well-kept garden full of flowers; the voices and habits are essentially English. The 'Driard House' is a specially comfortable hotel, and an epicure can readily be satisfied. Nature has done so much for this island that beautiful homes could be made with little or no trouble. Fruit appears to be hanging on the trees untouched. I was more than surprised to find Hansom's patent safety cabs here, imported from England.

"Sept. 8th. Rose at eight: breakfasted and drove in a Hansom to Esquimalt, four miles from Victoria, off which place H.M.S. 'Triumph' is moored; boarded the ship, and left cards for the Rear-Admiral, Captain, and ward room and gun room officers; presented my letter of introduction to Major Kirchhoffer, Royal Marines (a brother of the gentleman living at Plum Creek), and he kindly asked me to lunch on board, and afterwards showed me over the ship, which, I need not say, was in perfect order; saw the Admiral's cabin, dining-room, &c. Was invited to dine on the ship on Thursday. Visited the new dry dock, which is a splendid piece of work: shown over same by Mr Bennett, the engineer. The 'Triumph' is the flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Bart., and is a formidable-looking vessel, with a complement of 500 men; and this floating village, like all men-of-war, is a perfect picture of neatness and comfort. She carries the latest torpedo boats and apparatus, and is armed to the teeth; she has the Gardner and Nordenfelt guns, which would rake any crew attempting to board her. At this Pacific Station the officers as well as the men have a Naval Club and 'Jack' is occasionally allowed 48 hours ashore, and he is seen in the streets of Victoria looking free and independent, his happy gait, and don't-care-a-shiver-my-timbers sort of air makes him distinct from the ordinary mortal. Some of the officers go ashore shooting, and the day we arrived a small midgy had shot a deer in the woods, but could not carry it, so had to return to the ship and engage the services of two brawny sea dogs (blue jackets), whose united strength would lift a house. A small

book could be written about the 'Triumph,' but I will curtail by saying that every trade is represented on board among the men, viz., tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, plumbers, bakers, and so on. The officers' cabins contain oil paintings, high art, rare china, and valuable curiosities collected from foreign parts. It is needless to say that every courtesy is extended to visitors.

On Sept. 8th, at 3.30, our diarist writes, "I went to Sir Matthew B. Begbie's lawn tennis party: Sir Matthew has a lovely place, and a lawn of about an acre that could not be surpassed anywhere; Mrs Dewdeney from Regina was present. A beautiful display of fruit formed part of the refreshments, including pine apples, peaches, grapes, plums, pears, &c., &c., also some very large prawns. The evening was spent at Judge Gray's, where I was kindly received and invited to return."

"Sept. 9th, another lovely morning. After breakfast I drove to Esquimalt, and was rowed to the 'Triumph,' a middy steering; was met by Major Kirchhoffer, with whom I lunched; returned with him to town, had a look through a Japanese bazaar, where all sorts of curiosities were collected; made a few purchases, fans, &c. Dined at Government House with Mr and Mrs Cornwell. We sat down about twelve in number, and two Chinamen waited at the table in a noiseless, well-trained manner; nearly every one in Victoria has a Chinese servant, and I am told they are useful, clean, and trustworthy."

"Sept. 10th.—Weather perfect, bright, and cool; I had another view of Mount Baker, which looked wonderfully bold and lofty. The afternoon was devoted to driving; the roads are gravelly, and at some seasons are very dusty, but they are beautifully shaded by tall trees. On the outskirts of Victoria there are private residences, the grounds and gardens of which are beautiful.

On Sept. 13th Mr R. made a trip inland, and remarks, "if one could live on scenery, I would decline to return"! Alluding to a railway that is in course of construction to the mines, he says, "The railway has been built by Chinese labour, and 'John' is a very quiet and cheap worker; his camps were frequent and picturesque. Mr Hunter is the engineer, and many a hard tramp he had while making the survey and running trial lines. He now travels over the road with natural pride. A very long stretch of this line must have been cut out of heavy timber, as the stumps indicate. Some of these are fully six, eight, and twelve feet in diameter and tower 250 feet high! Game is plentiful, but people do not take the trouble to shoot it, knowing that at any time a few deer can be bagged. English pheasants have been turned into the woods,

and are multiplying very rapidly. They are at present protected, I think, for one year or longer. 66 birds were counted in one field or open space. Before it escapes my memory I would note that a good dairy farm or two would pay, as eggs are very expensive and butter is brought into the Island and Victoria from Winnipeg and Ontario; a long way to bring it! This is not the farming country that Manitoba is, but it is a mistake to suppose that there is no grazing land. Some visitors have remarked that Vancouver, Victoria, &c., are sleepy places. Now it is hardly fair to conclude that because a man is not farming that he must be asleep. People are wide awake and know what magnificent resources the island possesses. They have not had the advantages of railway connection, but now that an outlet to the east is opened, minerals, timber, fish, fruit, &c., will find their way to other places less favoured, and in fact the Eastern trade has commenced already. Many good mines only await the capital necessary to disclose the hidden treasure, and if health be dear those who have lost it may regain it here.

"Sept. 14th. Another glorious morning; I strolled to Beacon Hill, where one has a most beautiful view of the blue waters of the Pacific, the Olympian range of mountains forming a background. On this particular morning, viz., the 14th, nothing but the sharp clear outline of the mountain tops was visible, as cloud and mist obscured the rest. The effect was not only very striking, but very singular. In conversation with a builder, he informed me that his operations had only been interrupted from bad weather for three days since last March! Took a bath in the sea. It was very cold, but invigorating; plenty of sea anemones, looking like flowers, cling to the rocks. So picturesque was the situation that I could scarcely believe that the water was salt, and so I tasted it; salt enough!

"Sept. 17th.—Woke as early as at 4.30! Jack and his mates commenced scrubbing decks, &c. At 8 o'clock the band plays 'God Save the Queen,' and the ensign is hoisted; this is done regularly. After breakfast, I witnessed the big gun drill by Marines and blue jackets under Major Kirchhoffer; huge guns handled like toys. Lunched on board; and at two o'clock witnessed the destruction of a boat containing a dummy, which was blown to atoms by a submarine mine. After this a huge boom or raft was also blown to atoms, and, after the mine was fired by electricity, a column of water was sent 175 feet into the air; the result of the explosion was debris like match-wood. Dozens of small boats, which had been watching from shore, rowed out after the explosion to scoop up the fish which had been stunned by the shock. The torpedo practice and submarine mines were superintended by Lieut. Anson, R.N. Witnessed the

hoisting of the screw, which weighs some 23 tons. This is done once a quarter, or every three months, to see that all is well; it took nearly all hands hauling. Manning boats (for practice), small guns were lowered into them, and the boats were provisioned and water barrels placed in them as though for landing and making an attack on shore, as it would be done during war. All the blue jackets had their cutlasses and revolvers on. The steam pinnace towed the boats, and each boat had its officer in command, and its surgeon. Returned from the ship and went on board the Princess Louise, which steamed away from Victoria at 2 o'clock in the morning.

"Sept. 18th. Found myself once again at Vancouver. The growth of this place is really surprising, considering the short space of time since the fire. C. P. R. offices and numerous hotels, &c. Its inhabitants are still hopeful about the city and the terminus. I arrived at Port Moody at twelve o'clock noon. It was a lovely day. Met Mrs A. N. Ross; dined at Port Moody, and then took the stage to New Westminster; stage driver not very particular when he leaves, as I am the only passenger! Arrived at New Westminster at three p.m.; stopped at the Colonial Hotel. This city has a penitentiary, a jail, a convent, and large saw mills. It impressed me as being a quiet place.

"Sept. 19th, Sunday. A lovely morning. I had a beautiful view of the Fraser River from my bedroom window; here the river is very wide; 'Plenty of salmon, boy, whatever.' The celebrated canaries must not be lost sight of. One thousand tons (1,000) of salmon were shipped from the Fraser River last season. Took the stage back to Port Moody at 10 o'clock, and after a drive along a road of very steep elevations, and somewhat dusty, reached the terminus about 11.30. While waiting for the train, and having an hour to spare, I boarded the 'Zoroya,' a tea ship; she had on board 8,240 chests and half-chests of tea, which is being held in her hold awaiting the adjustment of difficulties arising from damage to the tea by stress of weather. The ship is from Yokohama; and the tea belongs to Fraser and Co., of New York. At one o'clock the train pulled out, going last, and I commenced the return journey. Time, one o'clock; a most glorious sun is lighting up the mountains, showing them to the best possible advantage. Snow-clad peaks form the background; the foreground being bold mountains. Some are soft like wool, and as the discharge from heavy artillery; some are sharp and clear like crystals and prisms; some are rugged, black, and frowning; some are covered with innumerable fir and spruce. As the different curves are accomplished, fresh, giddy heights meet the view. The loop is rounded, and the main glacier, all covered

with ice and snow, is in full view, while the train stops for dinner at the glacier hotel, viz. : a car on a siding ; the sun shining on the glacier causes it to look like a troubled sea of lava. Mountain after mountain, peak after peak, apparently interminable ! No smoke or anything obstructed the view. Add to this scene fleecy and feathery clouds and cloudlets, chasing each other, some hugging the mountain peaks, some merely kissing them and passing on to greet others in a similar manner. After more scenery than the eye can possibly encompass or the brain contain, I settled down for a rest, getting off the sleeping car at Banff at 11.18 p.m. and drove to Dr. Brett's Sanatorium, which is about two miles from the railway track.

"Sept. 21st. I rose at 8, and was greeted with a view of the very heart of the Rockies, the early morning sun lighting up everything ; took a walk while breakfast was being prepared, and had a peep at the Bow River, and the falls known as the Bow Falls. Just below the Falls the Spray River joins the Bow. Here I met Mr G. A. Stewart, C.E. and D.L.S., who was busy superintending various operations, such as laying out roads and making clearings, in connection with the Canadian National Park, which will cover an area of 100 square miles, and include the most varied and gorgeous scenery that the eye can rest upon. About half-way up to the celebrated hot springs, I waited to get a peep (over the pines) of the Bow River, whose rapid, clear, snake-like course at this point traverses between mountains known as the 'Tunnel' and the 'Peak.' The waters of the Bow are as clear as crystal and nearly as cold as ice. A variety of fish, including mountain trout, are taken in this river. Tints of rich olive and pale green of saffron, and lemon, vary the foliage. Proceeding higher up, and at a distance of about two miles from the Sanatorium, I saw for the first time the celebrated hot springs, bubbling and boiling out of the hard rock ; there was no deception, as the steam was ascending ! I waited half an hour or so, and then took a bath, which at first seemed too hot to get into, as the temperature varies from 108 to 119 degrees ; but first one toe, then another, a foot, &c., the plunge is made. Ten minutes is quite long enough to make one the colour of a ripe tomato ; profuse perspiration ensues, and it takes one a long time to cool off. The water is highly charged with sulphur. I drank freely of it while bathing, and both before and after the bath ; although hot, it is not sickening, although some might find it so. The water can be conducted by pipes to any bath house or private house, but at present it simply rushes down the mountain side. I walked back, and dined at Dr. Brett's Sanatorium. The doctor has an extensive building, not quite finished, but all the requirements for

comfort are contemplated; he can, however, accommodate 40 people already. He has at the spring itself, in course of construction, a hospital and bath house, which will be completed in about ten days, furnishing accommodation for 20 more. Over and above the advantages of the Sanatorium, the surroundings offer a wide field for geologist, botanist, artist, and sportsman. The latter, if keen enough, can capture mountain sheep, wild goat, and other large game. It is surprising how much work has already been done in road-making, cut out of the timber by Mr Stewart and his staff. An easy grade, somewhat winding, takes you to the Hot Springs, which are about 800 feet above the level of the Bow River. Many are here now using the baths and deriving much benefit therefrom. The principal peaks in the vicinity of the Hot Springs are Sulphur Mountain, about 4,000 feet, Peak Mountain, 5,000, Tunnel Mountain, 1,000, Cascade, 5,500. The Bow River is 4,500 feet above the sea level, making the mountains in the neighbourhood 9,000 feet above the sea.

"Sept. 22nd. Woke at 7.30, having thought of nothing all night but of towering peaks and yawning chasms. After breakfast I walked, accompanied by Mr Tempest, of Winnipeg, to the 'Cave' which is more wonderful than the waters known as the Hot Springs. I will endeavour to describe it, as it could never be found by a stranger to the locality. Leaving the Sanatorium in a westerly direction you proceed along a road recently cleared, a distance of about a mile and a quarter, when you come to an irregular hole in the rock, from two to three feet in diameter. From this a ladder almost perpendicular takes you to the bottom of the cave, which is fully 40 feet each way, and almost round, thus making it a cone shape. The walls of the cave are of the most irregular surface, through heavy incrustations of sulphur; here I took a bath. The water, which is of summer temperature, boils up through the sandy bottom, and varies in depth from two to five feet. This cave can be used with comfort for bathing in winter. We next visited the 'Basin,' which varies from the 'Cave,' being in the open air; it is about 25 feet long by 15 feet wide. The water is as clear as crystal and about five feet deep. In the middle of this basin there is another hole, shaped like an oyster shell, and being about eight feet by three feet, out of which three large hot springs, about one foot in diameter each, are for ever boiling through the sand. The most singular sensation is experienced if the bather will allow himself to be forced well below the surface of the water, as immediately upon removing the pressure he shoots up like an arrow! The whole of the mountain is surcharged with the strongest

sulphur, which is visible everywhere. The depth of this sulphur must be left to conjecture. Here I must note the most extraordinary remark which came from an Englishman upon being asked what he thought of this place, namely, "Why, there aint nothink to see." In the Pullman, on the way home, I met Mr Klotz, C.E., who had been taking astronomical observations for the Government of Victoria, and other points, and was on his way to Calgary for a similar purpose. Two days later I stepped off the train at Brandon, remarking, 'Home again, home again from a foreign shore.' To those who have the time and inclination, I would say, 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

Having thus brought our traveller home, we take our leave of him with many thanks for his communication.

